

# Donald Where's Yer Trousers

## Enter The Haggis

Well, I just come down from the Isle of sky  
I'm not very big and I'm awfully shy  
The lasses shout as I go by "Donald, where's your troosers?"

Let the wind blow high  
Let the wind blow low  
Through the streets in a kilt I go  
All the lasses shout hello  
Donald Where's yer troosers?

A lassie took me to the ball  
And it was slippery in the hall  
I was afraid that I would fall  
Cause I was'nae wearin' troosers

Let the wind blow high  
Let the wind blow low  
Through the streets in a kilt I go  
All the lasses shout hello  
Donald Where's yer troosers?

To wear the kilt is my delight  
I'm never wrong 'cause I'm always right  
The highlanders would get a fright  
If they saw me wearin' troosers

Let the wind blow high  
Let the wind blow low  
Through the streets in a kilt I go  
All the lasses shout hello  
Donald Where's yer troosers?

Well, I was drivin' in my car  
Went downtown to Kenny's bar  
Fifteen Scotches, five cigars  
And I left without my troosers

Let the wind blow high  
Let the wind blow low  
Through the streets in a kilt I go  
All the lasses shout hello  
Donald Where's yer troosers?

Let the wind blow high!  
Let the wind blow low...  
Through the streets in a kilt I go...  
Donald, where's yer troosers..?